

10. Loss of the carnal for the spiritual. Gal. 6:8. What is it to "sow to the flesh?"

#### FOR OPEN MEETING

What did Jesus give up. (The world, Luke 4:6-8; his own will, John 5:30, etc.; name other things) and what did he gain? (Phil. 2:8, 9; John 12:32, 33; John 17:19, etc. Name other things.)

Make a list of things a Christian must give up. (See Col. 3:5-11; Titus 1:11, 12; Rom. 6:8-11, etc.) If you have a blackboard put these in one column and in another the things a Christian gains. For these see Col. 3:12-15; II Peter 1:5-10; II Tim. 4:8; Gal. 5:19-22; John 14:27; Rev. 21:7.

Perhaps the members can be notified to bring pencil and paper and keep the list with references of the Christian's gains and losses.

Let an opportunity be given for any who will to give up self and accept Christ.

C. F. YODER.

#### MISSIONS: TRUE PHILANTHROPY

AMOS R. WELLS

Our topic implies that there is a false philanthropy, and there is. The same deeds may be prompted by ostentation as by brotherly love. The obstinate purpose to propagate some peculiar tenet may lead to missionary effort quite as extensive as the longing, for the world's sake, to spread abroad Christ's truth. Rivalry with some other man may lead to emulation of his good deeds.

We need to scan our benefactions with care, therefore, to learn whether they are real benevolences, whether the will goes with the deed and vivifies it. Of course, great gifts may do great good in spite of an unworthy motive, yet, so far as the giver is concerned, better a dollar given in the spirit of love than a million dollars given without it.

How can we get this love for men, this philanthropy? In the first place, we must know men. Without the knowledge of men's needs it is as impossible to help them as it is for a disciple of Spencer to pray to his God whose name is unthinkable. If Christ is the corner-stone of missions, information is the first foundation course. If every church member read his missionary magazine every month, and added thereto each month a missionary biography, not only would the general intelligence of the church be decidedly raised, but it would for the first time adequately set itself about its great task of winning the world.

In the second place, true philanthropy is impossible without actual contact with men. Missions require Boards for their proper management—societies, committees, secretaries, treasurers. But unless the church members in some way get into personal touch with some one missionary and some one sin-burdened soul, mission treasuries will run dry and mission Boards will be unsupported. There must be love of one soul before there can be love of souls.

And in the third place, true philanthropy is impossible without self-denial. No man can serve two masters. No man can at the

same time serve self and some other man. Martin the soldier was setting forth gayly from Amiens, when a beggar, the cold wintry air chilling him thru his rags, asked an alms. Martin had no money, but with a happy smile he drew his sword, cut in two his handsome cloak and gave the beggar half. That night the soldier dreamed he saw Christ in Heaven wearing that parted garment. "Who gave Thee Thy cloak?" he heard the angels ask; and to his rapture the Lord replied, "My brother gave it to me." So it was that the soldier became St. Martin, the beloved Bishop of Tours.

That is the test of our brother-love: what are we sharing with our brother? What does philanthropy cost us? Are we simply saying, "I am sorry," and putting our pocket handkerchief to our eyes, or are we proving our sorrow with foot and hand and purse? No one is a complete man who is wrapped up in himself. He is like a lamp never lighted or a furnace without fire.

#### Little Things that Make or Mar Beauty

J. R. MILLER.

"Little things make perfection." In nothing is this more true than in character and conduct. There are many people who in great matters of principle and in the cardinal virtues are without fault, yet the luster of whose life is dimmed by countless little blemishes and infirmities. One man who is upright and steadfast, with the firmness of a rock, is hard to live with because of his irritability or his despotic disposition. Another, who is faithful in all his dealings with men, whose word is as good as his bond, is so harsh and ungentle in his close relations with others that he is anything but a comfort and help to those with whom he comes in personal contact. Another is full of great benevolent and philanthropic schemes, doing good in many ways, yet those who know him most intimately discover in him an almost utter lack of the sweet graces and amenities which are the true adornment of a Christlike life.

It is in the little things that most failures are made. Little faults honeycomb many a character. Little sins ruin many a life. Henry Drummond, writing of tropical Africa, tells of a species of white ants which work desolation wherever they go. One may leave his chair at night and go to bed. In the morning the chair is there, apparently in good condition, but let him sit down in it and it falls with him in a heap on the floor. During the night the white ants have eaten the inside out of the legs, seat and frame. Houses are in like manner destroyed. The timbers are bored thru and thru, until one day the building tumbles to the ground. There are human lives which seem strong and right to men's eyes, but countless infinitesimal faults and sins eat away their substance until they fall at last in hopeless ruin.

It is the little failures in loving which mar the beauty of the perfect ideal. There are

many who would give their very life for a friend, whose love yet lacks altogether the gentle things in disposition and expression which are needed to fill out the true measure of affection. The want of thoughtfulness causes untold pain and suffering.

An hour ago a strong and active man, who occupies a high place in the world, was telling how he had been going about all day, carrying a secret pain at his heart and a deep sense of shame because of a mere lack of courtesy at his own table in the morning. It was so slight that probably no one but himself noticed it. It was not a bitter word that he spoke nor anything harsh that he did, but only his failure to do a trifling kindness, a mere neglect to be gentle when the gentleness would have meant much. A moment after he had left the breakfast table he became aware of what he had done, or rather of the opportunity he had missed to give sweet comfort and help to his wife, and in all the hours of his busy day there had been a deep shadow hanging over him and a feeling of regret and sorrow embittering his heart.

Ofttimes it is not the one who does the little unkindness or neglects to do the kindness who suffers, but the one to whom the unkindness or the neglect is shown. There is no doubt that the larger part of the pain and heartache endured in the world is caused by multitudinous little failures in lovingness rather than by life's great and conspicuous sorrows. A thoughtful writer says:—

"Taking life thru and thru, the larger part of the sadness and heartache it has known has not come thru its great sorrows, but thru little, needless hurts and unkindness; not so much thru the orderings of Providence as thru the mis-orderings of humanity. Look back and you can readily count up the great griefs and bereavements that had rent your heart and changed your life. You know what weary months they darkened. There was a certain sacredness and dignity, like the dignity of a lonely mountain top, in their very greatness; and looking back if not at the time, you can often understand their purpose. But, oh, the days that are spoiled by smaller hurts, spoiled because somebody has a foolish spite, a wicked mood, an unreasonable prejudice that must be gratified and have its way no matter whose rights, plans or hearts, are hurt by it! There are so many hard places along the road for most of us, made hard needlessly by human selfishness, that the longing to be kind with a tender, thoughtful, Christlike kindness grows stronger in me each day I live."

It should be our care to watch the little things in our conduct, the minute attentions, the small courtesies, the delicate graces and refinements of our manner, since by all these we add either to the volume of good we do or to the measure of pain we cause.

There come every day a thousand opportunities to be thoughtful, in which are a thousand possibilities of giving happiness or hurt. In the mere tones of the voice in which we